



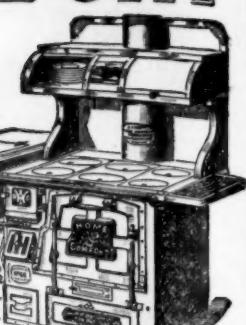
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THE FARMER
Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, Literature, &c.

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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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FORT

Vol. LXIV.

Maine Farmer.

The New England Society will hold their meeting at Riga another year.

A fine crop of beans has been harvested. The area planted to this crop was larger than usual.

The cool temperature and the prevailing cloudy and rainy weather is not favorable for ripening the corn. There will be larger "knouts" than a year ago.

The potato rot is prevailing to a considerable extent throughout the State. It is, too, quite rapidly on the increase. Farmers are finding more rotten ones each day as the digging goes on. It may be after all that the crop will be so ruined from this decay that there will be no over supply in the winter and spring market.

There is a growing demand for correctly estimating the fat in milk bought or sold, but there is no demand, growing or otherwise, for estimating the butterfat in a cow's milk by the Babcock method other "fat test," and reporting that the cow made so many pounds butter in seven days.

So says the Jersey Bulletin, and so claims the Maine Farmer. Let us call them by their right names.

Be sure to read the article in another column on our knowledge of tuberculosis. The experience reported by Dr. Bang has been duplicated in some experience in this State, which has not been made public. The facts given in the report, and the action of the New York Board of Health, and some of the Cattle Commissioners of New England, seem to conflict. The wisdom of the conservatism in the *Farmer* in these matters is becoming manifest.

The collection of Russian apples shown at the State Fair by Prof. Munson, and grown on trees under experiment at the experiment station, were of much interest, and attracted the studied attention of fruit specialists present. The characteristics of the different families and varieties, together with the habits of growth and hardness of the trees, are matters of importance going with the fruit. This is why we believe the public should be informed of what is here being learned from results thus far.

WAYSIDES LESSONS.

In a recent ride by team across the country one lesson in particular was specially forced upon our attention.

By the way, there is nothing we enjoy better than a carriage ride behind a horse with which no laborious exertion is needed in order to get him to "go along," as the vocabulary of the men have it, and take you in good time to the place desired.

The mind is free play in any direction the attention is centered, there are no disturbing surroundings, no detracting accompaniments. One can thus give himself up to surroundings through which he is passing and take in the impressions made in their full force.

To a farmer thoroughly filled with the business he is following there is great pleasure in thus giving himself away to thought, to study, as he passes by farm after farm, noting the different soils, methods and practices, crops, and the general measure of success reached in producing these operations.

It has generally been supposed to be easier to test a mixture of the milk of several cows than the milk of one cow, and that possibly there might be found a cow's milk which could not be successfully tested. The observations given in this article are the results of a great many experiments made with the milk of each of the seventy-five cows now in the dairy test at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Since May 1st we have made at least 150 tests of milk every day. During this time samples of a great variety of milks have been tested. There have been great variations in the composition of these milks, and in the characteristics and health of the cows. We have been able to test successfully any milk yet received, and, by proper manipulation, to get a very clear separation of the fat.

A bad separation is not always caused by the strength of the sulphuric acid. Our work has demonstrated that, by slight changes in the manipulation, at least three kinds of tests can be made of one sample of milk with the same acid.

First, a test giving a very clear separation of fat; second, a separation which contains more or less of a black, flocculent substance, especially at the bottom of the fat column; and, third, a test very much like the second, except that a white, instead of a black, substance interferes with a clear measurement of the fat.

The black substance that appears is probably charred fat and indicates too strong an action of the acid on the milk.

The white adulteration of the fat is used. If the acid is so poured into the milk in the test bottle that it passes through the milk, instead of following down the inside walls of the test bottle, a portion of the milk is thus acted on by the strong acid before it becomes diluted with the water in the milk. This makes a more intense action of the acid on a small part of the milk, and the fat it contains is somewhat decomposed and blackened.

This black substance is then separated with the fat by the usual method of finishing the test and making the measurement of the fat uncertain.

Another cause of the "black stuff" in the fat is too warm milk. Sulphuric acid, sp. gr. 1.82, may work all right for testing milk when both acid and milk are at

chances with his crops, and there is no need of it. He need not plant his corn on a cold and uncongenial soil. There are other crops to grow there, and which will return more profitable results than is possible with the corn. Grass will grow in its full perfection on the low, clay flats, and will there give its most profitable returns. So the lesson is everywhere forced to attention, if one will but open his eyes to see it, to adapt the crop to the soil.

After all, this matter of adaptation in farming is one of the most important lessons the farmer has to deal with. The neglect to read what it is every where so plainly teaching has been, and still is, the cause of much of the ill success we see around us.

VAGARIES OF THE BABCOCK TEST.

We have often called attention to the importance of skill and care in operating the Babcock method of measuring the butter value of milk and cream. It has been too often represented as a trifling matter, and that any one can easily handle it. The following, issued in the form of a station bulletin, by Prof. Farrington, the chemist in charge of the World's Fair work of the kind, cannot fail to confirm the position of the *Farmer* that only skilful work is reliable:

Testing milk by Dr. Babcock's method has generally been considered a very simple process. The details of the method were so elaborately and carefully worked out by him, before publication, that no improvements in the chemical reactions have been suggested to make the process any more useful or successful than when first described. Beginners have found, however, that to make an accurate test of milk requires somewhat more attention than is necessary to turn the crank of a churn. Many who have used the process have had more or less trouble from foreign substances, either black or white, separating with the fat. These make an obscure reading of the per cent. of fat, because of the indistinct separation of the liquids. The common remedy suggested for this difficulty has been a change of acid. If there is "black stuff" in the fat, get weaker acid; if a white curd separates in the fat column, change to a stronger acid. That a two strong or a two weak acid may cause this trouble, is undoubtedly correct in many cases, but not always. The manipulation of the test may also cause these defects.

It was found by the writer that nearly if not all the acid in Chicago for this purpose was made at one factory, and by conversation with the manufacturer it was learned that the still making this acid was running day and night, turning out the same quality of acid without fail.

Third—Thoroughly mix the milk and acid as soon as measured into the test bottle. A better separation of fat is obtained by mixing at once than allowing the two liquids to stand unmixed in the bottle until enough tests have been measured out to fill the centrifuge.

Fourth—After five minutes whirling of the test bottles in the centrifuge, add hot water until the test bottle is filled up to the neck only; run the centrifuge one minute, then fill the neck of the test bottle with hot water and run the centrifuge another minute. Adding the necessary hot water in two portions often a great help in getting a clear separation of fat. When the test bottles are taken from the centrifuge they are put into water at 140° to 160° F., and the per cent. of fat read at that temperature.

Fifth—Too low results will be obtained if the centrifuge does not have sufficient speed. The machines can be made speedier, as constant use wears some of them so that the speed designed by the manufacturers is not obtained.

Sixth—When testing skim milks or buttermilks which have a very small per cent. of fat (2 or 1 per cent. or less) the reading of the per cent. of fat should be made immediately on taking the test bottle from the centrifuge.

Seventh—When testing skim milks or buttermilks which have a very small per cent. of fat (2 or 1 per cent. or less) the reading of the per cent. of fat should be made immediately on taking the test bottle from the centrifuge.

Eighth—When testing the fat in the

milk, the fat will often leave the fat spread over the inside surface of the measuring tube so that it is not seen, but has the appearance of being only a dirty tube. If read when taken from the machine, the small globules of fat can be seen and estimated.

It has been stated by foreign critics,

that one reason why they did not use

the Babcock test was because their work in the dairy line had been done for years by the old methods long in use, and in order to make their present and future work compare with the past, they must use the same old methods of their fathers.

Our work for the past two months has

given each day triplicate proof of the accuracy of the Babcock method for testing milk. The milk of each of the three herds of twenty-five cows is creamed and churned daily. The skin milk and buttermilk are tested, and the butter from each herd is analyzed every day. The butter fat, found by testing the milk of each of the twenty-five cows in each herd, is nearly all accounted for by the analyses of the skim milk, buttermilk and butter.

The records show that from June 1st

to August 31, there has been an average

loss of fat of 0.166, 0.161 and 0.153 per

cent. of the total milk produced by the three herds. This small loss of fat by the manufacture of milk into butter demonstrates that if this method is correctly used in dairy experiments, and the results of such investigations are not

a temperature of 60° F.; but if the weather changes, or the testing is made in a warmer room where the temperature is up to 80 or 90° F., a great deal of black stuff may be found in the fat.

The action of the milk will be more or less intense, according to the temperature of the liquids. Persons who have tested milk throughout the year, at creameries or other places, may have noticed that in winter the fat is often light colored or whitish, while in summer it is deeper yellow. This variation in color is caused by the difference in the temperature of the milk and acid as well as the strength of the acid. Cooling the milk in the test bottles, before adding acid, will often prevent the formation of the black substance which appears in the column of fat.

The white curdy substance that sometimes separates with the fat can be destroyed either by adding the hot water necessary to bring the fat into the neck of the test bottle, in two portions, and whirling the test bottle in the centrifuge after each addition of the water, or by warming the milk in the test bottles, so that it will be about 80° F. when the acid is added.

It is my opinion that returning the supply of acid to the party from whom it was bought is often unnecessary. Any person who has trouble with either the black or white substance separating with the fat can probably remedy the difficulty by some changes in the manipulation, provided the acid is anywhere between 1.82 and 1.83 specific gravity at 60° F.

No exact experiments have been made yet to determine the relation between the temperature of the milk and acid and the sp. gr. of the acid, but I will venture to guarantee an entirely satisfactory working of the Babcock milk test if, in addition to the elaborate details which the originator of the method has already worked out, the following precautions are observed:

First—An acid having 1.82 sp. gr. should be used with milk at 60 to 70° F. If the acid is stronger, cool the milk to a lower temperature. Somewhat weaker acid can probably be made to work all right—Warning—When measuring acid into the test bottles, hold the bottle at an angle that will cause the acid to follow the inside walls to the bottom of the bottle, and not drop through the milk in the center of the bottle. If properly poured into the test bottle there will be a distinct layer of milk and acid, with little or no black color between them.

Second—When measuring acid into the test bottles, hold the bottle at an angle that will cause the acid to follow the inside walls to the bottom of the bottle, and not drop through the milk in the center of the bottle. If properly poured into the test bottle there will be a distinct layer of milk and acid, with little or no black color between them.

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Twenty-second—When measuring acid into the test bottles, hold the bottle at an angle that will cause the acid to follow the inside walls to the bottom of the bottle, and not drop through the milk in the center of the bottle. If properly poured into the test bottle there will be a distinct layer of milk and acid, with little or no black color between them.

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Thirty-first—When measuring acid into the test bottles, hold the bottle at an angle that will cause the acid to follow the inside walls to the bottom of the bottle, and not drop through the milk in the center of the bottle. If properly poured into the test bottle there will be a distinct layer of milk and acid, with little or no black color between them.

Thirty-second—When measuring acid into the test bottles, hold the bottle at an angle that will cause the acid to follow the inside walls

Choice Miscellany.

A CHILD ASLEEP.

How he sleepeth! Having drunken
Weary childhood's mandrakes,
From his pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures to make room for more—
Sleeping soundly with nosegay which he
pulled the day before.

Nosegays! Leave them for the waking.
Throw them earthward where they grow.
Dust are such beside the breaking
Amarants he looks unto.

Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open
ever do.

Heaven flowers, rayed by shadows golden
From the palms they sprang beneath,

No person can truly have a wreath.

Swirls against him, a wreath.

We may think so from the quickening of his
blowm and of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth

While the young child dreameth on.

Fair, O dreamer, thee befallen

With the glory that hast won.

Darker wert thou in the garden yester morn
by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing

Round those were the spirits away.

And serving them, singing

In the silent seeming clay.

Singing! Stars that seem the mutest go in

music all the way.

As the moths around a taper,

As the bees around a rose,

As in sunset many a vapor,

So the spirit group and close

Reunited in a holy childhood, as if drinking

its repose.

—New York Ledger.

TO HIS LADY.

[From the French of Pierre de Ronsard.]
When you are very old, and, by the candle's
light, sitting beside the fire, you talk and spin and
sing.
My songs o' nights, then you will say, had
wondering.
"Ronsard in bygone days hath sung my
beam's fane."

When there around the hearth word this,
Or the alarm at her task half slumbering,
But at the echo of my name awakening,
With everlasting praise shall rise and bless thy
name.

But I, a formless ghost within the earth full
deep,
Beneath the myrtle shadows I shall lie asleep,
While thou before the fire art crouching, old
Weeping for my lost love and for thy proud
despair.

Wait not the morrow, but live now, if thou
wilt deign
To bear me. Pluck the roses of thy life today.

—E. R. Barker in Academy.

JUDITH.

Flower of youth in the ancient frame,
Maid of the mattock-like lip and eye,
Lightly wearing the fateful name
And the raking beaver of days gone by!
Pink of fashion! Yet this is she!

That canst in the bright forest and fern
Gaze on the horses of "the Santos,"
And ride to the death with Marion's men.

Flies the logic that breeds the fear.
Fools will blossom, and pines will play—
So it was in that early year,
So shall it till the world is gray—

But the petted darling, if need shall be,
As swift to the saddle will vault again,
And those who follow, like the swallows,
As ever of old rode Marion's men.

—William Young in Century.

WORDS WITHOUT A RHYME.

English Language Contains Several Whole
Are Hard to Run Against.

There are a dozen words in the English language in everyday use for which enterprising people have despaired of ever finding a rhyme. The word "mouth," for example, is one of these. "Silver" is a word it seems very easy to secure a rhyme for, but as a matter of fact, trying to find something to rhyme with "silver" nearly drove a London writer of verse insane long ago.

As a last resort he advertised in the newspaper and received but one reply. It came from the master of verbal contortion, W. S. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Sullivan's erstwhile partner, who submitted the word "diver." He wasn't quite clear, he said, as to what a diver might be, but he had seen the word in advertisements of sales of farm stock and had an idea, which is correct, that it described a species of sheep.

"Orange" is another word without rhyme. "Gulf" is also without an English partner, and "culin" and "cusp" are alike solitary. Many poets who have sought in vain for rhymes to "revenge" and "avenge" will not be appeased when they learn that but two exist—"pence" and "Stonehenge." "Coif" is now, happily for versifiers, growing obsolete, for there is no word which rhymes with it. "Scarf" has been daringly linked at the end of a line with "half" or "caif," but this is a practice to be discouraged. "Scalp" rhymes only with "Alp," but like "bab" and "astrolabe," it would require much ingenuity to find an excuse for bringing these words into juxtaposition. "False" has on several occasions, by an abuse of poetic license, been associated with "false," though the correct French pronunciation of the latter word would destroy the rhyme.

Of the names of places the African town of Timbuktu has long been famous for being without rhyme. The nearest success that any poet has ever attained in this respect was when in some old verses describing a desert hunt "caseway" was made to rhyme with "missionary" and "Timbuktu" with "thin buck too." —New York Press.

O'CONNELL'S ELOQUENCE.

Had Some Stereotyped, Ornamental
Which He Used Quite Freely.

Among the stereotyped ornaments of his eloquence was a favorite reference to "the majestic mountains and fertile valleys of green Ireland." Once at Athlone, in the very center of the flattest part of Ireland, he exclaimed in the peroration of a patriotic speech, "Look around, my friends, on the majestic mountains," etc.—compliance with which request would have severely tested the optics of his audience.

Another time, when boasting at the Cotton Exchange of the great attendance at a meeting he had recently addressed at Kilkenny, he outdid Falstaff's 11 men in bawdry, somewhat after the following fashion: He began by stating the numbers present at the meeting at 50,000, "and who will deny," he continued, "that the cause must be important and the purpose strong that could assemble together these 50,000 men? Let no man say that they gathered merely from a feeling of personal regard or curiosity on my account. It would be absurd to suppose that 100,000 men would leave their homes to look at an elderly and rather corpulent gentleman. No, sir, when that peaceful army of 150,000 Irishmen congregated round without injuring the fiber in any way.

me, their presence spoke, trumpet tongued, their firm resolution never to desist from the struggle until Ireland should have her own parliament again. "And their multitudinous masses were as orderly and pacific as they were resolute and determined. Oh, with what unspeakable delight do I recognize in the conduct of those 200,000 noble fellows," etc. And thus sailed along, upborne upon the swelling tide of his imagination each sentence adding at least 50,000 to the previous amount until at last he arrived at, I think, 300,000.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

SIREN SONGS FOR GOPHERS.

How Florida Land Turtles Are Lured Out
of Their Holes.

W. H. Gilbert, locksmith, astronomer, fisherman, scientist, hunter and capitalist, is a great fancier of gopher meat, and has thought of many ways of catching the game.

The doctor was also an expert in the employ of Reynolds and played an important and grousing part at the time of the old man's death. Colorado mines and ores were discussed, and then the conversation turned on Arizona, when the Congress mine was spoken of, and with it, its former owner, Diamond Joe.

"He was the sharpest man on a bargain,

and with the most generous man I've ever known," said the doctor. "He was lame—hip disease, which was brought on when he was a boy. It illustrated the stuff he was made of. He had a jackknife, and in drinking at an air hole in the ice it slipped through. Reynolds went to his house, got an ax and chopped a hole in the ice large enough to admit his body and dived in, secured his knife, and caught a cold resulting in a disease which lamed him for life. He told me," continued the doctor, "that he started at 18 years of age with \$25, with which he bought a \$45 heifer, leaving him \$20 in debt, and from time up to his dying day he had never been out of debt, despite the fact that he left \$7,000,000."

"The true story of his getting the name of Diamond Joe was in this wise: Joe Davidson owned a number of steamers plying on the upper Mississippi, while Joe Reynolds owned boats running south on the river to New Orleans. Both lines were known as the Joe steamers, and all bales and goods were marked via Joe line. The confounding of the two resulted in Reynolds drawing a diamond around the Joe on all goods shipped, and thereafter he was Diamond Joe, and in no way did the appellation come from the fact that he had a fondness for wearing the precious stone.

"As a plunger the old man has had few equals. One of the greatest was the Del Paso mine in Arizona, but its turning out bad only strengthened his determination to secure a world beater, and it was about this time he set his heart on the Congress mine, which even today is one of Arizona's greatest producers. He paid \$39,000 for the property, and it was 65 miles from Prescott and any railroad. It was the old man died. I went out to make an examination of the old property for Reynolds and handled assays and the requisition department of the place, and they were lively days out there. The story of Reynolds' death has not been repeated correctly, so I'll tell you the facts.

"It was in February, 1890, and the rains were on. Outside of the mill we had a little shanty, a bunkhouse, and here we all slept. Never shall I forget that February night. He had been complaining for several days, though he was up and about the mine and mill each day.

"One afternoon he was taken down suddenly, and I undressed him and put him to bed in one of my own nightgowns. Toward evening he grew worse, and the storm outside was fearful. About 6 o'clock I knew he was dying. His desperate efforts to breathe were frightful. His head was on my shoulder. Then it was the thought struck me of getting his body to Prescott, for we had no ice, and it was a mighty bad road, covering 65 miles, and a start must be made at midnight, if the one train daily out of Prescott was to be caught.

"About 9 o'clock I ordered the mill carpenter to come to the bunkhouse and whispered to him to knock some boards together into a coffin, and in a few minutes above the blowing outside I could hear the nails being driven home in poor old Joe's coffin and he not dead. It was pretty tough, I assure you, and the night made things seem worse. About midnight he died, and by 1 o'clock in the morning we had the body in the crude coffin, on one of the wagons, with its relay of six mules and its Mexican drivers, and the start to Prescott was made. It took the outfit just 24 hours to make the trip, and we caught the one train out of Prescott. It was a sad ending of a great man, and a terrible journey.

"And what became of the mine?" asked one of the men at the table. "It sold," said the doctor, "for \$1,500,000." —Philadelphia Times.

BOSTONIAN.

At the present time many Bostonians almost drop a final "r" in words like Bar Harbor, which they pronounce as if spelled Bah-Hah-Bah. As though to compensate for this loss, Bostonians are apt to insert an "r" when a word ends in a vowel, particularly when the next word begins with a vowel. Helen is often pronounced with a slight final "r," distinctly audible in a soprano voice like Helen-A Abbott.—Notes and Queries.

WONDERFUL MINERAL LAKE.

One evening, when returning from the theater in a cab (sic), having ordered the coachman to drive to the Sun, a tavern in Clare market, he threw himself out of the coach window and through the open window of the tavern parlor just as the driver was about to draw up. The man then descended from the box, touched his hat and stood waiting for his passenger to alight. Finding at length there was no one visible, he besought a few blessings on the scoundrel who had imposed upon him, remounted his box and was about to drive off when Rich, who had been watching, vaulted back into the vehicle, and, putting his head out, asked, "Where the devil are you driving to?" Almost paralyzed with fear, the driver got down again, but could not be persuaded to take his fare, though he was offered a shilling for himself, exclaiming: "No, no! That won't do. I know you well for all your shoes, and so, Mr. Devil, for once you're outwitted."

ON HODD'S PILLS.

The old story of an immense herd of camels roaming about in Arizona has been revived again and is going the rounds in the press. The Arizona Republican, after saying that the story has been denied for years, declares that there is not a camel to be found anywhere within the borders of Arizona. But it expects to find the story bob up, again, as usual, next year, except that the herd of camels will be much larger.

USEFUL RATE.

Rats have been found very useful in cotton mills where the raw cotton has been imperfectly ginned. In a Spanish cotton mill the storeroom was invaded by swarms of rats, who pulled the bales to pieces to get at the seeds left in the cotton. They did the work thoroughly,

REAL DIAMOND JOE.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAN OF FAME
AND WEALTH.

A Rough Character Who Accumulated
\$7,000,000—How He Got His Name—He
Was a Great Plunger—How He Died, as
Told by the Doctor Who Was With Him.

No name is more familiar to the miner west, and few more so to the capitalist, than that of Diamond Joe Reynolds. All sorts of stories have been circulated in the conduct of those 200,000 noble fellows," etc. And thus sailed along, upborne upon the swelling tide of his imagination each sentence adding at least 50,000 to the previous amount until at last he arrived at, I think, 300,000.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

THE CRIMINALS AT PLAY.

THE CRUEL WAYS IN WHICH THEY
"AMUSE" THEMSELVES.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S SONS.

They Were an Energetic Lot, but Had
Few Other Good Qualities.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte was the best of the four sons of Lucien I. The others made the states of the church too hot to hold them. All had impetuous, masterful tempers and literary and archaeological tastes. In different ways each contrived to bleed the late emperor of money. They were brought up at Musignano among the Etrurian remains which their father disinterred during more than 20 years, to the enrichment of most of the great museums of Europe.

Pierre and Antoine lived like banditti, carrying off women and shooting the men who were to stop or came to arrest them. Pierre fired his shot at Victor Noir, at Anteuil, and killed him. The eldest, whom I remember as Prince of Musignano, was married to a daughter of Joseph. He revolted against the pope, was president of the Roman constituent, and such a violent domestic tyrant that his wife, who was the Roman constituent, was president over Paris to supplicate the emperor to protect her and her son—the future cardinal.

Criminals skip the rope, but part of the game is to trip up the jumper and let him fall heavily upon the stone pavement.

Criminals play leapfrog, but the object of the game is that he who makes the "back" shall rise suddenly and violently just as the frog mounts and throw him to the ground.

Criminals play blind man's buff, but the man with the bandaged eyes carries a handkerchief bearing in one corner a jagged stone, a piece of hard, sharpened wood or a bit of iron. With this weapon he strikes those whom he passes.

Another remarkable form of this game is for the blinded one to be struck by one or another of his companions if he fails to the one that touches him. The penalty is not the innocent one of the children's game, but a blow so severe that a physician has often been called in after a game is over, and occasionally the sufferer is disabled for some time.

It has been found in those Italian reformatory schools where prisoners are not kept in solitary confinement that prisoners' games are often accompanied with bloodshed, and that it is almost impossible to prevent cruelties. This is especially true where prisoners work together, for they secret tools and use them as weapons in brutal sports.

In one of these games the player has in each hand a stick, having fixed in the end a keen metallic point. He interweaves his arms, revolving the sticks with rapidity, and the game is for another prisoner to thrust his head between the arms and endeavor to follow the revolutions of the sticks without being wounded. It usually happens that he receives 15 or 16 wounds and comes out with a bleeding head, while now and then mortal injuries are received.

The victim in another game has his eyes bandaged and places his palm upon a table, with fingers spread fanlike. Another criminal repeatedly strikes between the fingers with a pointed instrument. If he wounds a finger, then the two change places, and woe to the man who refuses the exchange. The game is dangerous, although the criminals assert that the wounds to the fingers are not deep or severe, because, say, the metallic points are too short and do not penetrate far, a grim form of philosophy.

The children, within a few days after their arrival, are sent to the public schools, as a rule without compulsion, and here they are first of all taught the English language. It is done by a system of object lessons. The teachers in the elementary rooms are young women, as men would not be patient enough to accomplish the best results.

The teacher may point to her eye and say, "This is my eye," repeating it several times and requiring the pupils to repeat it in unison. Other portions of the body are pointed out in a similar manner, and then familiar objects in the room are in the same way brought to the attention of the children.

Later, when they have made sufficient progress in the language, it becomes desirable to teach the different tenses. To accomplish this, a boy or girl is directed to run slowly round the room, when the teacher and children say in unison, "That boy is running," repeating the sentence several times. The boy is then told to halt, and the teacher and pupils say in unison, "That boy did run;" again, "That boy can run," "That boy is walking," "That boy walks fast," "I can walk," "I can run," "I did walk," etc.

These and other sentences, as they are spoken, are written on the blackboard by the teacher, and the pupils write them on their slates. Thus they are taught the language and taught to spell, read and write almost simultaneously.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

The compass plant is one of the oddest creations of the vegetable kingdom. It derives its name from the fact that its closed fists upon the table, holding steadily two needles, one in each hand, the points being slightly exposed. It is the game then for a companion to strike with his own fist those of the other and become an endorser between the one who is pricked with the needles and the one whose fists are beaten by the other's knuckles.

There are contests in which the fingers and hands are deeply wounded, and the scars are an honorable distinction.

The characteristic feature of all these games, which are the recreation exclusively of criminals in prison, is the love of combat. If, as is held by experts, sports are the means of working off the superfluous activity of life, it is evident that superfluous activity, in the case of prisoners, is especially powerful. It has been noted in the case of prisoners that there is a prevalence of great agility and litheness, which Professor Lombroso considers a negative evidence of mental weakness, since it testifies to a greater development of the motor centers at the expense of the cerebral centers.

But the teacher, who is the subject of this article, is there

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1896.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and
Oxford counties.Mr. J. W. KELLOGG, our Agent, is now
calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot
county.The county of Cumberland pocketed
over \$11,000 from liquor sellers at the
September term of court.The new military instructor at the
Maine State College is C. C. Royden of
Texas, and the new instructor in French
Harvey W. Thayer, a graduate of Bow-
don and a post-graduate of Harvard.The desperado, Charles Morris, who
was charged with shooting Game War-
den E. O. Collins in July, 1885, was
found guilty by the Court in Houlton,
on Thursday. The jury came to a
verdict after a trial of two hours. Morris was
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in the State Prison.The policy holders of the defunct
United States Mutual Accident Associa-
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notification from the receiver that they
must pay pro rata for the liabilities of
the company. This clause was in the
policies, but the holders didn't know it.
It would be well for the insured to ex-
amine their policies carefully.They have got a way in Kentucky
of tearing down and destroying the toll
gates to turnpikes. This is done by a
mob, and the spirit and purpose of a
mob should be deprecated by every law-
abiding citizen; but behind it all there
is the strong opposition which you will
find everywhere to toll bridges and toll
turnpikes. Maine has an orderly way of
abolishing the nuisance of toll bridges.The connection between fish and pota-
toes seems to be unusually close on the
northern shore of Eastport, where the
farmers have been hauling pollack out
of the water with potato diggers and
pitchforks. The herring have been so
plenty that they have been dipped up
and carried off by boat loads, and the
pollock have come in to feed on them.
This catching of big fish, the *Sentinel*
says, is something that has not happened
before within the memory of the oldest
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the plans now considered is to swing a
mid-air suspension railway from the top
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let people fly back and forth in roller
chairs at the nice little height of 985 feet
in air. To be pretty near a thousand
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of Bunker Hill monument, and then to
shoot across the sky-line, will doubtless
suit the tastes of thousands of sensation-
seekers. But this is by no means the
greatest mechanical sensation to be on
practical exhibition.The dedication of another memorial at
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this battle field was the scene of the
bloodiest battle of the War of the Reb-
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Civil War, the aggregate of the killed,
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growing navy, we shall then be in a con-
dition to dictate terms to other nations.
An efficient navy is in the interests of
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THE FAIR AT WINDSOR.

The South Kennebec Agricultural So-
ciety is a young but spunky organiza-
tion, and when it hangs out its banners
at South Windsor, the people are bound
to be there in paying numbers. One is
tempted to ask the question of one of
old, "what went ye out for to see?" for
certainly the exhibits are not commen-
surate with the number of people who
come to see them. In the midst of a
good farming country, the farmers and
their families come here to see each
other and to renew old acquaintances.
They should at the same time not forget
to bring along the best products of the
farm and garden, as many of these were
wanting this year, as the empty tables
in the hall attested. We hope the So-
ciety won't think of building a new hall,
or enlarging, until they are disposed to
fill the present one. The Society will
suffer a mild criticism on their practice
of leasing the eating house for a large sum.
This year the result of this policy
was most disastrous. The caterer
seemed obliged to cheat his customers
in order to pay his bills, and the result
was a dinner hardly fit to be placed before
any one but the half-starved.

Why not contract with the ladies of the
Grange to furnish a plain, neat, whole-
some dinner, at a fair price, and share
with them in the profits? Poor Service
of this kind greatly injures a Society.
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PREMIUMS AWARDED.

Best herd of dairy stock, J. E. Ashford,
Cooper's Mills; second best herd milk stock,
A. Rogers, South Windsor, second.
Best swine, 1-year-old, J. A. K. Reed,
Edbridge Mills; 1st, Thomas Nolan,
Kensley, 2d, Mrs. A. C. Cooper's Mills;
1st, 1-year-old Durban, Edbridge Mills;
1st, Carl, 1-year-old, Everett Trask,
South Windsor, 1st.
Horned cattle, 1-year-old, Carl Carlson,
North Pittston, 1st.
Holstein bull, W. P. Moody, East Pittston,
1st.
Durham cows, Charles McManus, 1st.
Windsor, 1st; J. E. Ashford, Cooper's Mills, 2d.
Jersey cow, J. E. Ashford, 1st.
Jersey cow, 1-year-old, Tommie Devine,
No. 100 Holstein, 1st.
Holstein bulls, 1-year-old, A. Rogers, South
Windsor, 1st; W. P. Moody, East Pittston,
1st.
Durham calves, A. Rogers, South Windsor,
1st.
Durham, 1-year-old, H. E. Howe, Cooper's
Mills, 1st.
Fattened cattle, E. C. Jewell, Whitefield, 1st; R. A.
Marion & Son, Ashford, Cooper's Mills, 2d.
Workers, oxen and steers, Theodore Chisan,
North Whitefield, 1st; M. Little, Whitefield,
2d.
Same, 1-year-old, W. P. Moody, East Pittston,
1st.
Samuel, 1-year-old, W. P. Moody, Pittston,
1st.
Edward Keating, North Pittston, 2d.
Edward Keating, 1-year-old, and over, Carlis-
son, 2d.
Two year old steer, B. M. Pearce, South
Windsor, 1st; year old, W. P. Moody, 1st; Jasper
Moher, South Windsor, 2d; J. S. Gray, South
Windsor, 3d.
Two year old, town of Whitefield awarded
1st and 2d premiums.
Steer team, town, Whitefield 1st pre-
mises.

Matched cattle, 5 years old, R. A. Marion &
Son, East Pittston, 1st; J. E. Field, North
Whitefield, 2d; John Clark, North White-
field, 3d.
Matched cattle, 4 years old, and under, R. A.
Marion & Son, East Pittston, 1st; J. E. Field,
North Whitefield, 2d; John Clark, North White-
field, 3d.
Matched cattle, 3 years old, John Chisan,
North Whitefield, 1st; J. P. Doyle, South
Windsor, 2d; W. P. Moody, Pittston, 3d.
Matched cattle, 2 years old, C. D. Norther,
Cooper's Mills, 1st; W. P. Moody, Pittston, 2d.
Matched cattle, 1 year old, H. Thayer, North
Whitefield, 1st; Edward Keating, North White-
field, 2d; George H. Mooney, Whitefield, 3d.
Sheep, black buck, F. Northay, North
Whitefield, 1st.
Swine, best boar, F. Northay, 2d.
Poultry, white Leghorns, John Dangis,
Cottage Mills, 1st.
The town premiums were made up as follows:
Pittston town team, J. H. Bailey, one pair; R. A.
Marion & Son, three pairs; H. L. Thompson,
H. Crocker, F. Hunt, J. Ferris, 1st.
Whitefield, team, G. L. Little, 1st.
Wool, C. W. Jones, Pittston, 1st.
Draft colt, 1 year old, Joseph Colburn, 1st.
Gent's driving horses, W. A. Pinckney, 1st.
Horses, 1-year-old, Carl Carlson, Theodore
Kinney, J. E. Palmer, H. Thayer, Timothy
Clark, H. Lewis, J. H. Moore, W. Dunning,
E. C. Jewett, J. E. Field, H. Doyle, G. O. Bailey,
H. Howell, 1st.
Whale, 1-year-old team, N. C. D. Norther,
North Whitefield, 1st.
Horned cattle, 3 years old, Herman T. H. Ford,
North Whitefield, 1st.
Horned cattle, 2 years old, Robert C. Coombs,
Whitefield, 1st.
Horned cattle, 1 year old, John Chisan,
North Whitefield, 1st.
Horned cattle, 1 year old, C. D. Norther,
Cooper's Mills, 1st; W. P. Moody, Pittston, 2d.
Matched cattle, 1 year old, H. Thayer, North
Whitefield, 1st; Edward Keating, North White-
field, 2d; George H. Mooney, Whitefield, 3d.
One-year-old colt, John Doyle, Cooper's
Mills, 1st.
Suckling colts, O. F. Cooper, 1st.
Draft colts, 2 years old, Joseph Colburn, 1st.
Gent's driving horses, W. A. Pinckney, 1st.
Horses, 1-year-old, Robert C. Coombs, 1st.
Fattened cattle, 3 years old, W. A. Pinckney, 1st.
For raising driving horses, W. A. Pinckney, 1st.
Horned cattle, 1 year old, C. D. Norther,
Cooper's Mills, 1st; W. P. Moody, Pittston, 2d.
Family horses, O. F. Cooper, Chelsea, 1st;
South Windsor, 2d; J. H. Doyle, Cooper's
Mills, 3d.
Stock marts, A. Rogers, South Windsor, 1st;
O. S. Chouteau, South Windsor, 2d; Thos. Hatten, North
Whitefield, 3d.
Stallions for draft horses, 5 years or over,
G. J. Wyman, South China, 1st; C. A. McManus,
Weston, 2d; Robert C. Coombs, 3d.
For raising driving horses, W. A. Pinckney, 1st.
Horned cattle, 1 year old, Ernest Chiodo, 1st.
One-year-old stallion, J. F. P. Tucker, North
Whitefield, 2d.
Farm produce, fresh display, David Given,
North Whitefield, 1st.
Vegetables, 1-year-old, C. D. Norther,
Cooper's Mills, 1st.
Potatoes, five varieties, J. E. Alden, Wind-
sor, 1st.
Potatoes, late variety, C. D. Norther,
Cooper's Mills, 1st.
Potatoes, late variety, A. Rogers, South
Windsor, 1st; J. H. Doyle, Cooper's Mills, 2d;
C. D. Norther, Cooper's Mills, 3d.
Onions, yellow skinned, H. S. Smith, South
Windsor, 1st.
Onions, red skinned, Ben Clark, Randolph,
1st; G. W. Hubbard, 2d; Samuel Cook,
2d.
Turnip roots, K. A. Bales, Windsor, 1st;
A. Rogers, 2d; W. P. Moody, Pittston, 3d.
Carrots, 1-year-old, R. M. Lapham, 1st.
Lettuce, 1-year-old, R. M. Lapham, 2d.
Beets, sugar, F. French, Windsor, 1st.
Squash, 1-year-old, R. M. Lapham, 2d.
Squash, Hubbard, F. B. Northay, 1st.
Squash, Hubbard, F. B. Northay, 2d.
Squash, Hubbard, F. B. Northay, 3d.
Mushrooms, 1-year-old, R. M. Lapham, 1st.
Cabbage, 1-year-old, H. Dougie, Cooper's Mills,
1st.
Cabbage, 1-year-old, R. M. Lapham, 2d.
Cabbage, 1-year-old, R. M. Lapham, 3d.
Lettuce, 1-year-old, R. M. Lapham, 1st.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 1st.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 2d.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 3d.
Lady Jedwood, b. m., H. H. McLean,
1st.
Pilot Morris, b. m., H. H. McLean, 2d.
Wayne Wilcox, m., M. K. McKinnon, 3d.
Wayne Wilcox, m., M. K. McKinnon, 4th.
Fruit, 1-year-old, David Given, South
Windsor, 1st; E. C. Lapham, Pittston, 2d; Ray
Colburn, 3d.
Five year old winter, R. Reeves, 1st; S. F.
Reeves, 2d; S. F. Reeves, 3d.
Four varieties fall apples, S. F. Reeves, 1st;
E. C. Lapham, 2d; Wayne Wilcox, 3d.
Late pears, E. A. Lapham, 1st.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 1st.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 2d.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 3d.
Twight Wilkes, g. & g., H. R. Lish.
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Summary of the Races.

2.23 CLASS.
Twight Wilkes, g. & g., H. R. Lish.
Pilot Morris, b. m., H. H. McLean, 1st.
Wayne Wilcox, m., M. K. McKinnon, 2d.
Wayne Wilcox, m., M. K. McKinnon, 3d.
Wayne Wilcox, m., M. K. McKinnon, 4th.
Fruit, 1-year-old, David Given, South
Windsor, 1st; E. C. Lapham, Pittston, 2d; Ray
Colburn, 3d.
Five year old winter, R. Reeves, 1st; S. F.
Reeves, 2d; S. F. Reeves, 3d.
Four varieties fall apples, S. F. Reeves, 1st;
E. C. Lapham, 2d; Wayne Wilcox, 3d.
Late pears, E. A. Lapham, 1st.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 1st.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 2d.
Grapes, single dishes, C. H. Watson, 3d.
Time—2.23, 2.29, 2.35, 2.38, 2.31.

FOUR YEAR-OLD CLASS.
Twight Wilkes, g. & g., H. R. Lish.
Pilot Morris, b. m., H. H. McLean, 1st.
Wayne Wil

Kosciusko County News.

Items of Maine News.

C. C. Libby has been appointed postmaster at Oxbow, vice W. T. Libby.

The twenty-second annual State Convention of the W. C. T. U. is in session at Belfast.

The factories of the Goodall Worsted Company at Sanford resumed operations, Monday, employing both day and night crews.

George Parke Osgood, one of Ellsworth's most prominent business men, died at his home in that town, Friday, at the age of 63 years.

The new steam mill at Centre Montville, in process of erection on the site of the one destroyed by fire last spring, is progressing quite rapidly.

The Republican Journal states that Mr. C. B. Hazelton of Belfast and his wife have played 24,000 games of cribbage, and are only six games apart.

Patents have been granted to Frank W. Merrill of Deering on refrigerating receptacle; Albert H. Gilman, Saco, railway track sander; Andrew J. Avery, Saco, walking ladder.

Hon. William C. Whitney, former secretary of the navy, was married at St. Sauveur's Episcopal church, Bar Harbor, Tuesday, to Mrs. E. S. Randolph of New York, to whom he was reported to be engaged last summer.

Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of John W. Davis, of 79 Almoner street, Portland, was killed by a unknown man about 9 o'clock Saturday night, in a short lane near the foot of Anderson street. His purpose was probably robbery.

Hews has been received in Biddeford of the accidental death of Edward N. Bulmer of Biddeford, at New Orleans. While bathing he jumped from a wharf and dislocated his spine, from which injury he died in a hospital.

Agent Elmer E. Page of the York mills, Friday, issued a notice that the mills, which have been idle for four months, will resume operations in all but the gingham weaving department, Oct. 5th. The company's full crew numbers 1000.

Albert Libby, a well known farmer of Westbrook, died at his home, Wednesday night, at the age of 56 years, after a long illness with liver trouble.

The deceased for many years carried on a milk farm at Bride's Corner, wife, one son and daughter survive him.

Sometime after midnight, Saturday, the residence of Dr. A. Reynolds in Farmington, Monday, Judge Foster sent Fred O. Lake to two years in State Prison, for stealing a horse and carriage, also for breaking jail; Charles Hewey of Phillips one year for attempted assault on a young girl, and Joseph McGraw one year for adultery.

Allan McDonald of Calais was returning from a social call at eleven o'clock, Thursday night, when passing Dexter's Corner, Millerton, when two men jumped from behind a hedge, knocked him down and insensible, tore his coat and vest off, and took his wallet containing a large sum of money. No arrests.

Oliver D. Eaton, for many years Secretary of the Old Home Missionary Society, (Presbyterian,) New York city, died suddenly in camp on Weld pond, Weld, Wednesday, of neuralgia of the heart. He was 52 years old. He had lately returned from Europe, and after visiting relatives in New York went to Weld for a sporting trip. He leaves a widow and three children in New York.

The plant of the Penobscot Chemical Fibre Company at Great Works, which had been shut down with great energy, reopened before it starts again.

A new steam plant will be put in, and boilers of 1,300 or 1,400 horse power will replace the old boilers. In doing this work and making other repairs quite a crew of men will be employed, and the shut down will therefore not be felt as much as it otherwise would.

Seabattin T. Joseph, who was arrested on suspicion of having been connected with the recent murder case at St. Andrews, was, on Wednesday, at Court in Calais, able to prove beyond a doubt that he was not at St. Andrews on the day on which the murder was committed. His parents at Campobello, and left Thursday for Eastport, where he took the Standish at Calais, and went from there to Princeton, and he was promptly discharged.

In the Franklin County Superior Judicial Court at Farmington, Friday noon, Fred O. Lake to two years in State Prison, for stealing a horse and carriage, also for breaking jail; Charles Hewey of Phillips one year for attempted assault on a young girl, and Joseph McGraw one year for adultery.

State vs. Alva Howe and Ann Howe. Indictment for keeping a liquor nuisance in their dwelling house in the city of Augusta, in the vicinity of Bolton Hill. After the testimony the respondents pleaded not guilty and pleaded no contest. The respondents have a son, the little brother, one of whom is blind. It was in consideration of this fact, and promise to go out of the business, that the government consented to a continuance of the case.

State vs. George Carson. For maintaining a liquor nuisance. Verdict guilty.

State vs. George Moody and Edwin Swift. Indictment for violation of the Liquor law, and the case was continued for sentence until the December term.

Joseph Huard of Waterville paid a fine of \$150 and costs on an indictment for a liquor nuisance.

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Albert Faught had a fine 21 month old bull, raised by H. Manley. Lowell Farharn had 10 months calf, Jersey and Durhams, and one full Jersey; also a 3 year old heifer, Jersey. Jersey, 2 months, No. 4500. "Lambert McKinley," W. A. Field's exhibits were: Full blood Jersey calf; 2 years old Jersey and Holstein heifer; 2 years old Jersey heifer; full Jersey cow, 10 years, and a full Jersey cow, 7 years old.

Awards.

Milch cows—Willard Field, 1st and 2d. Bill Faught, 1st, 1 full blood Jersey.

Bull—Bill Faught, 1st; Eddie Swift, 2d.

Heifers—Willard Field, 1st.

Pig—E. G. D. Swift, 1st; D. G. Bartlett, 2d.

John Swift, 3d.

Three year old—D. L. Suttle, 1st.

Three year old—D. L. Suttle, 2d.

Nelson, 2,000 lbs.; M. H. Bowman, 2d.

Matched oxen and steers—I. W. Wyman, 1st; F. G. Morrison, 2d; J. M. Hammond, 3d.

Carriage horses—Jas. Bean, 1st.

Two year old colts—H. W. Bowman, 1st; D. G. Bartlett, 2d.

Brood mares—T. A. Barr, 1st.

Two year old—T. A. Barr, 2d.

Sheep—A. Field, 1st.

Best buck—D. A. Field, 1st; D. G. Hough.

Onions—M. W. Cowan, 1st; Eddie Swift, 2d; J. L. Freeman, 3d.

Big display—Calvin Graves, 3d.

Potatoes—S. E. Hammond, 1st.

Display of grain—I. G. Tilley, 1st.

Two year old calves—E. G. D. Swift, 1st; L. G. Tilley, 2d; Moses Suttle, 3d.

Pop corn—C. Graves, 1st.

Pop corn—E. Morse, 1st; E. A. Field, 2d; Mark Bean, 3d.

Sweet corn—D. A. Field, 1st.

Champion Potato Sorter.

The Champion Potato Sorter, manufactured and for sale by the American Road Machine Company, of Kennett Square, Pa., the well known manufacturers of road-making machinery, rock crushers, etc., is a new and practical invention, and, as its name indicates, is used largely for the purpose of sorting white potatoes, although the sorter can be readily used for sorting almost everything that may be required to be sorted in different sizes, such as turnips, vegetables, nuts, etc., and also many

minerals, etc. It is remarkable how quickly and how uniformly the temperature rises.

Any one interested in economic house-holds may obtain some valuable information free by sending address to Rochester Radiator Co., 71 Furnace St., Rochester.

Mr. A. C. COCHRANE, Exporter.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.

Fred Billdean of Oakland, in the Waterville Municipal Court was, on Friday, bound over in \$500 to appear before the grand jury charged with stealing silverware from the Oakland church.

The officers believe they can connect Billdean with many break-ins in Oakland, claiming to have traced to him much stolen property. They allege he has been making counterfeit money.

It is reported that the new factory of the Maine Condensed Milk Company at Whitefield, N. H., is nearly completed.

The stockholders should come to Winthrop and learn how not to receive dividends.—Winthrop Budget.

The winter-crop report for the past week says of Maine:

"There are some potatoes yet to be dug in Maine, but most of the other crops are harvested, generally in good condition. Potatoes are reported to be rotting badly in central counties. Pastures and fields are in excellent condition." We believe this is the last crop report of the season.

Two church deacons from Boston helped out a little church down on Cape Cod by giving a slight-of-hand entertainment, and a good one, which netted \$20, a fund devoted to the purchase of hymn books. The heathen art of juggling was there turned to Christian uses.

With dead regard, I remain,

Yours truly, Mrs. M. A. Haaff.

New Bedford Mass. Aug. 21, 1896.

CHARLES A. PERKINS, of Hallowell, in said county of Kennebec, insolvent Debtor, who has been denied an audience before the Court of Common Pleas for said county of Kennebec.

F. J. C. LITTLE, Assignee.

Sister Holloman, Sister Calden, Sister Williams, and Curdie, Sister Minnie Hight, the good of the order.

Sister Holloman, Sister Calden, Sister Williams, and Curdie, Sister Minnie Hight, the good of the order.

The Bad Iron Works of Maine, will build two of the 30 knot torpedo boats and the Union Iron Works of San Fran-

the remaining one.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit.

The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

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James H. Hallett, 16 months; Gladys Haskell, 11 months; Harris Hallett, 10 months; Olive Hallett, 12 months.

The committee of awards was made up of S. N. Waite, Lillian Swift and Susan Longley. The prizes were awarded as follows: Olive Goff, first; Gladys Haskell second; Zittelle third.

L. G. Tilley showed oxheart carrots, squashes, cabbages, mammoth sunflower cabbages, traces of corn, rye, barley, white turnips, onions, turnips, M. V. Smith, yellow Dancers onions, M. V. Smith, yellow squash, A. E. French; White Globe and Yellow Dancers onions, M. V. Smith, yellow squash, A. E. French; White turnips, corn, squash, E. Bates; pumpkins, onions, corn, beets, squash, large potatoes, corn on stalks and beans on vines, Calvia Graves; Beets, A. H. Bailey; White turnips, corn, E. Bates; pumpkins, carrots, parsnips, beets, pepper and sweet corn by David A. Field; squash, John Wyman; turnips, beets, carrots, corn, squash, E. Bates; pumpkins, onions, corn, beets, squash, large potatoes, corn on stalks and beans on vines, Calvia Graves; Beets, A. H. Bailey; White turnips, corn, E. Bates; pumpkins, carrots, parsnips, beets, pepper and sweet corn by David A. Field; squash, John Wyman; turnips, beets, carrots, corn, squash, E. 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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

MY GARDEN IN AUTUMN.
Nothing is left of my beautiful garden.
But the place where it used to be,
Brown and withered blossoms.
And a fair, sweet memory.

The perfume of its pure flowers,
That was exhaled on the summer air,
Has been wafted by gentle breezes
To the unknown land of somewhere.

The leaves still are humming
Over flowers which now grow rare;
The birds are meditating
A journey to where the winters fare.

The cows have forgotten to linger,
As they did in the days of yore,
And seldom cast their glances
Where the clover is no more.

When my life on earth is ended,
O, what will the harvest be?
God grant not withered blossoms,
But death which are fair to thee.

Troy.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morning is a world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's error last yesterday cover;

Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday's woe is a part of forever,

Today's joy in a sheet which God holds tight.
With glad days and sad days, and bad days which never.

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight.

Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot recall them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone.
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!

Only the new days are our own.

To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies, all burnished brightly;

Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the little limbs springing lightly
To face the sun, and to share with the trees
In the chrisom of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sining,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

Our Story Teller.**A FARMER GOT EVEN.**

There are four men in Chicago who will never forget Silas Tatman's visit to the city. It will be many days before those same men will be able to show up at the depots again to prey on the confidence of rural strangers.

When Silas came to town, he came with the avowed intention of revenging himself on a smooth spoken young man who had met him on a former visit and had relieved him of a carpeckast containing the visitor's money and return ticket. He did not expect to encounter the same fellow, but made up his mind to administer to the first man who claimed to know him the warmest reception the scoundrel had ever met with.

Tatman came in from Bunkum. Bunkum is not on the map, and one could go to the place with a repeating rifle and shoot all the inhabitants without reloading. But, small as it is, it can boast of a citizen who outwitted four of the cleverest "con" men in Chicago.

Bunkum is also renowned for its large hornets' nests and the warlike and "gronchy" dispositions of their occupants. In Tatman's hog lot hung one of these nests from a limb of a locust tree. It was a gigantic specimen and the terror of the neighborhood.

The morning Silas left for Chicago he went out in the hog lot very early, before the hornets were astir. He took with him an old green carpetbag, and this he opened and slipped carefully around the oblong nest, closing the clasp quickly without losing a hornet. When he took the train later in the day, he smiled with delight as he thought of the harrowing scene that would take place when the carpetbag was opened.

When Silas arrived at the depot, instead of going to the hotel he sat down in the smoking room and waited. His mission was similar to that of the confidence man. He was in quest of a stranger who would cultivate his acquaintance only to rob him of his hornets and regret it to his dying day. Occasionally Farmer Tatman would look down at his carpetbag. As he did so he shook with glee.

The Bunkum farmer had not been seated five minutes when he was approached by a fellow with a sharp, inquisitive nose and a checked suit. "Ah, ha!" thought Tatman, as the stranger extended his hand. "I've got you."

"I believe I know you," said the sharp nosed individual. "Let me see, you are from—"

"Bunkum," replied Tatman.

"To be sure—Bunkum. And your name is—"

"Tatman."

"Why, of course. How are you, Mr. Tatman?"

"Tolerable." And Mr. Tatman looked down at his hornets and chuckled.

"My name's Cunningham," went on the stranger, grasping one of Silas' hands in both his own. "You remember I was visiting Bunkum a few years ago with Bunker—a-oh, I never can remember names. You know who I mean, though. He's the principal banker in your town."

There never was a banker within 20 miles of Bunkum, but Farmer Tatman was playing a hand, so he said: "Know 'im? Waal, I should say I do. You mean old Squire Jones."

"Jones, of course. Ha, ha! Strange I couldn't remember the name."

"Ha, ha! 'Twas kinder funny," And Silas fairly danced with joy. "I reckon that ain't a nice quiet little place somewhere where a feller can talk with a friend what he ain't seen for nigh on to two years." This was just what Cunningham wanted.

"Oh, yes," said he in his softest tone. "I know just the place. It's not over a block from here."

"Then I reckon we might as well go if you're sure it's safe walking through the streets with as much money I've got in this here satchel."

At the word "money" Silas detected an expression of eagerness and pleasure on the scoundrel's face, and the fellow's fingers seemed to itch as the two walked along.

"Ain't you afraid," said he, "of being robbed?"

"Waal, you just bet your sweet life the fellow who opens old Silas Tat-

man's valise will be sorry." And the Bunkum farmer smiled inwardly.

Here Cunningham turned on a little side street, leading his friend by the arm. About half way down the block they turned into a dark and dingy looking saloon. Cunningham spoke familiarly to the bartender, who directed them to a wine room in the back of the place. The two sat down at the table and were joined presently by three other men. One of them was a fat man, who tried to get Tatman to play cards "just for fun."

Another one of the men wore a white vest and a polka dot necktie. He did all the talking, and after Cunningham had whispered a few words in the felon's ear, he could hardly keep his eyes off the carpetbag. He was introduced to Tatman as Thomas W. Bloomfield, the board of trade man.

"It seems, Mr. Tatman," said Bloomfield, "that you are very careless with your money. Mr. Cunningham tells me that you carry it in your satchel."

"You bet I have got a lot of money in that old carpetbag. I was kinder thinkin' of speculating with it."

"Perhaps you would like to have me invest it in wheat. I think you could make a big stake."

"I'm kinder afraid of losin' it."

"Oh, not at all; not if it's well invested. People only lose their money through carelessness. But of course some one has to lose money to keep the stuff properly in circulation."

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their heart and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.

No risk whatever," said Bloomfield. "Why, I tell you, Mr. Tatman, a good speculator can pick money off the trees here in Chicago."

Bloomfield's expression tickled Tatman. He laughed uproariously and then said:

"You can pick it off the tree in Bunkum, too, but you can't keep it long; cause it circulates too darn fast."

By this time the men were growing impatient, and Tatman noticed that they looked more frequently and longer at the carpetbag. He thought it about time to take his revenge, so he said:

"Waal, gentlemen, I reckon I'd better be a-goin', and I'd like to leave that 're money with you, so as it'll be safe while I hunt up a stoppin' place."

The men were perfectly willing to accommodate Farmer Tatman. They assured him that the carpetbag and its contents would be perfectly safe and that they would be willing to wait until he found a place.

"Much obliged, gentlemen." And Tatman arose. "Isn't it very often that a feller meets such kind friends as you are in a strange city, and it's kinder soothin' to know that a fellow's leavin' his money with honest people. I reckon I'll be back in about an hour."

And Tatman once more thanked his friends as he passed out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Tatman did not leave the saloon, as the men expected. By a clever dodge he managed to slip the key of the door in his pocket before he left the room. He remained on the outside long enough to silently turn the bolt in the lock, after which he slipped into the adjoining room. He did not wait long before he heard one of the men say:

"Well, that was the easiest snap I ever saw." Silas recognized the voice of that of Cunningham. Then Bloomfield answered:

"Easy! Why, you could rob that fool before his eyes and he wouldn't know it. Hand up the granger's grissack."

Tatman heard the sound of the grissack striking the top of the table. Then he heard them praying at the lock. Presently he heard the clasps give, and in another instant a piercing yell rent the air. Whack! Crash! Bang! The chairs were upturned and the table was tumbled over in the mad scramble for the hard, unyielding world.

"And is she beautiful too?"

"My dear boy," said Shardeloo warmly, "she's an angel—so clever, too, and so noble and high minded. I never feel that I can live up to her. She makes me feel a low, base, sordid creature, sometimes."

"I'm not chaffing. In fact"—the need of a confidant was strong within him—"I'm engaged, too, and mine is just the same as yours. She will have this stupid little mystery. Only it isn't family reasons with her. It's because—"

"Shall we go together?" said Wilson, struck by a happy thought.

"No, I don't want to hit her when she's down!"

And the next day Tyrwhitt went. Ethel received him with her usual quiet grace and dignity.

"I have come to release you from your engagement," he said.

Her great, innocent, baby eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, what is it? Don't you love me going to do?"

"I can't be put off," he said, "with a divided heart. You have already shared yours between my friend Wilson Shadlooe and me. Now that you propose to add Danby to your collection you leave me no recourse but to retire."

"I don't understand," said Ethel, "but I see you mean to insult me. After what you have said we are strangers from this moment."

And, with all her old saintly dignity, she turned and left him. It must be owned that she carried off the situation well.

* * *

But the worst of it was that they forgot to tell Danby anything about him, and while they were away at Monte Carlo next winter, she really did meet Danby at an art students' dance at Kensington, and finding that his means were as represented, married him out of hand. And then of course it was of no use for them to tell her.

Shardeloo and Tyrwhitt dined sometimes with the Danbneys, but Mrs. Danby does not encourage her husband to ask them often.

"Of course I must be hospitable to all your friends," she says to her husband, with the sweet, saintly dignity that sits so well upon her, "but I'm afraid, dear, that Mr. Shadlooe and Mr. Tyrwhitt are rather worldly."—Sketch.

Double Shots at Game.

The pride of a sportsman is to make a good double at game. Take a ruffed grouse hunter, for instance. He puts up two of the birds at once. They go whirling off through the brush and are brought down one after the other. That makes the hunter happy.

A Texas deer hunter riding along on horseback once saw a couple of deer leap from their beds and start off on a jump. He dropped both, one with each barrel. They were big bucks.

A hunter in Wisconsin saw three bears fleeing away through the timber. He killed two of them and wounded the third so that he got it the next day.

A German hunting bares with a 16 gauge shotgun loaded with No. 8 shot saw two deer running, one behind the other. He killed them both at 20 yards.

Men on the plains in the days when antelope were far more plentiful than now used to get wild shot of a bunch and then, by shooting the leaders, manage to get all the bunch. It was the same with elk, while buffaloes were killed by dozens, but such shots were not pleasing to the men who made them in any other sense than that they brought so much money. This was a mark of the hunt.

"I'm afraid it's rather silly—like two schoolboys."

"Oh, well, one must do something, you know."

Shardeloo went out for a copy of The Matrimonial Globe. They selected the most glowing advertisement:

"Personal—Ethel, aged 19, golden hair, blue eyes, independent fortune, wishes to meet with a gentleman of about 25 with £5000 a year or more. Must be musical. Address Ethel, office 567 Fleet street."

They wrote a letter describing the pecuniary and moral influence of the absent Danby.

"I'm an innocent as the babe unborn," he said. "But, seriously, there is something I should like to tell you, only I promised not to mention it to

HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms.

No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.

Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitivity in this direction. They could not say to the physician what they ought to say to someone.

Cholmondeley is a very old friend of mine. To the world he poses successfully as a social star. He runs a flat in Mayfair which would knock the stuffing out of an earl. His country house is situated in one of the best parts of Hertfordshire. Any day you would pick his yacht out of the swaggerest batch at Cowes, and his horses and wine are beyond all reproach.

But he hasn't a friend saving myself who knows where his money comes from.

As a matter of fact, Cholmondeley is a sort of society Sherlock Holmes.

There are a good many affairs of international importance which require the most subtle investigation and diplomacy of a high order.

And then there are many society cases affecting people of high standing which require the most delicate handling. Such matters are placed entirely in the hands of men of Cholmondeley's stamp.

He makes quite \$50,000 a year.

I was more agreeably surprised than otherwise, get 'em at any cost, old man.

It won't cost you more than \$10 to knock him down if necessary. But for heaven's sake don't make a scene. Wire me every hour, but don't take any risk of making a mess of it."

I found him in the billiard room.

From my friend's description I recognized him at once. A tall, aristocratic fellow, who gave me the idea of a clever ne'er do well. Now, I know something about billiards, and as there was no one else in the room I ventured to suggest a game.

"Aw, just as you please," he drawled.

"I'm not much of a hand at the game."

"We played a 50. I didn't shine. You can't play any billiards to speak of with one eye, and the other was my man. Meanwhile I was trying to form some definite line of action. I determined to get these papers single handed without any advisory assistance from Cholmondeley."

Already he spoke in the past tense.

"So she was to me, by Jove!" cried Wilson incoherently.

"Jack, that's my my girl too!"

They stood frowning at each other across the photograph. Then Jack began to laugh, and in a moment Wilson followed suit.

"What shall we do?"

other should have it in the house among aliments which will last as long as life has woes. It is very important and useful. Anodyne Liniment cures all Diseases of the Skin or External parts that the real danger comes from inflammation; cure the disease. You conquer the disease.

SON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

have existed for over eighty years. The fact that it does good is well known to every man, woman and child who uses it. It is the public's great and useful Anodyne. It has stood the test of time and has satisfied down to their children a worth, as a Universal House-Remedy. It is a Remedy for Diseases Mailed Free, and Directions on every bottle. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

PRINTERING.

Proprietors of the

Farmer

HAVE—

a Thorough Manner

THEIR

Printing Office

WITH—

PRESSES

AND—

Material.

secured the services
of Job Printers,
in charge of an
experienced Foreman,

now Prepared to
With Neatness
despatch Every
Variety of

PAPER, BOOK

AND—
Job Printing.

Reports,
Town Orders,
Handbills,

Programmes,

Briefs, Etc.,

Care and Accuracy.

undertake to compete
amateur offices,
will do

accurate Work

AIR PRICES.

Promptly Attended to

& MANLEY

Block, Water St.,
South of Kennebec Bridge,
AUGUSTA, ME.

As we are of

Horse Department.

With the low prices of grain the colts should come out of the barns in April in the best possible shape, and if the slack days are improved, so educated that they will sell to advantage. It is safe to predict that prices will be good next spring for the pleasing, attractive, good-sized roaster.

One of the sweetest road mares ever bred in Maine was Aubine, and her present owner, Mr. Kimball C. Atwood, New York, is fortunate in getting from her a colt by Mambrino King. It should be a beauty, full of style and finish. It promises so much that she has been bred back to the same horse a second time.

The only way to carry on any branch of business is in line with the demands and conditions of to-day, not yesterday. The path which led to success twenty years ago may lead to certain ruin to-day. Everywhere the lesson is the same, and the young men will be first at the goal because they will conform to what must ever be sought after—present demands. Find out what the up-to-date, progressive buyer is seeking for and then price him.

As a rule men who complain that they cannot sell their horses are those who do not put their goods up in attractive form. Buyers look for finish as well as breeding, and the colts hardly taught to lead cannot show to any advantage. No master how choice the breeding, such stock must sell at a low price. It is the education given to the colt which lifts it above cost of feed, pasture and service. Raw material is cheap, the finished product sells at long prices.

Men who measure value solely by records made in races are sure to ignore all other factors entering in to make up a good horse. On the other hand those who ignore action, or the promise of speed, will settle down to the slow motioned blocky draft animal. Both extremes are wrong and lead astray. Good size, style and conformation are all possible in the horse having the most frictionless action. The difficulty to men is harassed and hampered by old time conception when conditions were different.

There is no question but that linseed meal is a valuable food product for horses as well as cattle, and that the fears expressed in regard to it grow out of the abuse not the use of the article. At the same time "some caution must be exercised in feeding to horses when engaged in active work," says Prof. Shaw, "lest the bowels become unduly lax. The oil meal should not compose more, perhaps, than one part in twenty of the whole grain ration fed. To colts, however, it may be fed more freely. In the season they can profitably use from one-fourth to one-half pound per day. It develops in them muscle and bone, so helpful to their future usefulness, and it gives to their coats a glossy skin, which indicates a healthy condition of the digestive organs. The hair and coat of cattle are also similarly improved when oil meal is fed."

The biggest leak on the farm is that of tools, carriages and harnesses neglected. The wear of rust and filth is greater than that from service. It is a profitable practice whenever possible to mend a thing showing signs of weakness before it breaks, which can often be done with wagon and buggy wheels and the like, as well as harness and many other contrivances that cost money and must be kept in use. Much repairing can be done at home without expense, but when mechanic's tools and skill are needed, it is economical to have him do the job. To sum up: Keep rigs and implements always housed in a "hipshape," clean, well oiled and painted.

If every farmer would study his business in every way possible, economize where wisdom prompts—which would never direct a man in doing without a good agricultural paper, nor in starving his body, nor that of any person or animal upon his farm—there would be less discontentment, and bills coming in that cannot be met, than is now found upon many farms.

Taking a seat with an old friend not long ago, behind his pet horse, for a drive over the hills of Eastern Washington county, our attention was at once called to the feet of the horse. Instead of being true, one side of the hoof had been pared so much more than the other that the feet were in a strained condition all the time, and injured muscles or tendons threatened. More of watchfulness on the part of owners is called for, if they would have long lived horses, full of activity. A writer in an exchange says:

"We are confronted with many questions regarding the shoeing of horses, and sometimes the problems seem impossible of solution at long range. However good and logical the advice, it is thrown away unless the seer exerts care good common sense, not only in truing and leveling the foot, fitting the shoe, etc., but in harnessing and driving the horse after he has been shod. The first point of attack in controlling a horse is his heel—taking it for granted the man's head is under control—and until the brain of the brute respond to the dictates of the will of the driver, nothing that is radically wrong can be remedied. One might as well expect a perfectly fitted engine to perform its duty after a cog wheel has been removed as to look for a horse to perform satisfactorily when indifferently harnessed and poorly driven, even though so far as shoeing, etc., is concerned, he is balanced to a nicely. Balance the horse so that it is easy for him to travel, harness him so that he feels as though there was freedom, check him so that he feels he is on duty, and drive him with the understanding that all horses have limbs."

THE FUTURE OF THE HORSE MARKET. In a recent conversation about the condition of the horse market, Mr. J. S. Cooper of the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, said:

"As an evidence of our own unlimited confidence in the future of the horse market, and its possibilities to those who have stuck by the ship during the temporary reverses of the last few years, we have this season bred seventy-five mares, and our only regret is that every farmer in these boundless Western States has not done likewise, certain as we are of

the reward which in a few short years would be his. Fat is an important feature, and it will increase in value to \$10 to \$12 a head, and exceed the farmer fat to more than the same expenditure on hogs or cattle. The dry is nearly universal that absolutely sound, and shapely horses are difficult to find, and worse still, are in thin flesh and not in marketable condition. The leading foreign demand is for extra choice chucks, five years old, and broken double, and at no time since the first of the year have there been enough of these to fill existing orders. Blocks of different ages and sizes have also been in good demand for export, while high stepping coaches and drivers have never been ample to fill the orders on the market. The foreign demand has been fully up to the anticipations of the trade, with England leading in the number and variety of her purchases, closely followed by France, Germany, Scotland and Ireland in the order named, with Italy and Gaeta as new customers, the former for big, heavy blocks, and the latter for matched driving teams. Mexico has kept up her record of having purchased several carloads of extra choice gentlemen's carriage teams at prices only limited by the quality of the offerings.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Below we present the score by Mr. Culbertson of Chicago, the expert horse judge at the New England Fair, of two stallions owned by Mr. J. S. Sanborn, Lewiston Junction, Gemare and Lothaire, with six half blood French Coach colts, sired by each horse. These scores were made by the judge when the sweepstakes class was judged, and the total structural parts was for Lothaire and six colts 63%, and for Gemare and his six colts 61%, thus insuring first and second premiums in the best class opened in any premium list.

That these same colts were awarded second and third when they met the same opposing colts in single animal classes where the score card was not used, has caused a great amount of criticism and no end of bewilderment. An explanation is promised, and awaited with interest.

It is to the scores that special attention is called, both with reference to uniformity and also to value placed on those parts best indicating the worth and service ability of the horse. When a trotting horse expert puts on record his estimate of eye, head, forearm, canon, pastern, foot, coupling, quarter, hook, gaskin, style, size, substance, action and symmetry, it is from a road horse standpoint that he is measuring, and it is the story told in these essentials which makes the table a remarkable one, worthy of critical study.

to do is to fit the demand of the commission dealer through whom he expects to reach the consumer.

CRAMMING.

There is no question but to-day and surely in the future there is a profitable field open to him who grows or purchases chicks and fattens by a forcing process. This work has never been attempted in the East and with few in this country. In England it is a peculiar and distinctive feature, made profitable by the skill of the fattener. We present from the columns of the *Country Gentleman* a full description of one of the large establishments in England.

Some of the older fatters did not pay sufficient attention to cleanliness. In this respect Mr. Piper's houses and sheds offer an example. His sheds are spacious and well ventilated, and absolute cleanliness is observed. Although my visit was paid on a hot summer day they were sweet and fresh. The droppings are removed every morning; fine lime is scattered under the pens regularly; and every cage is lime-washed out when one lot is removed, before other birds are placed therein. This involves labor, for during a busy season as many as 200 dozen chickens are in the cages at one time; but it pays, and ought to be recognized as absolutely necessary.

The outside cages are placed under hedgerows and below the fruit trees. The buildings in which the actual cramming takes place (for the principle adopted is to feed from troughs during the first two weeks, cramming only being reserved for the last seven days) are of wood, 14 feet high, well ventilated, and during summer lime-washed both outside and inside, this keeping them much cooler than if painted or tarred. They are not crowded, and the large open doors allow a regular current of fresh air in warmer weather; but in winter the doors can be closed to maintain a higher temperature. The cages are of the regular type, raised about 3 feet from the ground, and in single tiers. When placed outside, they have a roof or covering of wood, but the tops are merely bars or rods when within the sheds.

The food employed is the usual ground oats, obtained from a miller at Heathfield, and during the busy season frequently 50 sacks are used per week. With this is mixed milk during the entire period, the milk being allowed to sour. When the birds are put up first of all, to obviate the difficulty sometimes met with, namely, that the birds do not eat, fretting by reason of confinement, the food is made as thin as gruel. To tempt their

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrows thou wouldst faint forget If thy heart be a stone a lamb will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep.

—Longfellow.

What you want when you are ailing is a medicine that will cure you. Try Hood's Saraparilla and be convinced of its merit.

Christ's lowliness attested his kingliness.

Nothing in bath or laundry so good as Dobbins' Tinting-Borax Soap. We present a trial to prove its value. Costs same as poorer floating soap. No one has ever tried it without buying more. Your grocer has it.

A good name is great riches.

The great popular remedy of the day is Dr. Adamson's Botanic Balsam. Inexpensive, reliable, pleasant to take, cures as by magic, and gives universal satisfaction. A trial is the best testimonial. Price 35 cents. Trial size 10 cents.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed.

In what we share with another's need:

For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

THE CHILDREN'S TABLE.

Useful Suggestions for the Hygiene Diet of Children.

A few hints as to what not to give to young children may be helpful to mothers, for children are creatures of habit from earliest infancy, and if they have formed habits of caring for cake and sweets and refusing other food whose fault is it? How many mothers give a child a slice of bread not only thickly buttered but covered with a layer of sugar or jam besides? Was not the bread good enough with either alone? Such mothers when remonstrated with answer, "Why, my child would not eat bread and jam unless it were buttered also." That habit was formed in the child by the mother. Every young child is very shrewd in dealing with their elders and will soon discover their weak points. Perhaps when there are callers the mother, to avoid a scene, gives a piece of cake, and this is admirably made use of to secure a like favor at a subsequent time.

Young mothers, do not allow your own ease and comfort at the moment to cause your child to form a pernicious habit, be it the candy habit or the cake habit. Consistent firmness will spare you a world of trouble and annoyance. Of course a piece of light spongecake will not hurt a well child, but let it be given as a rare treat. Never give any kind of pastry. You and your child will be happier for it. Neither are rich puddings and duffings allowable.

Tea and coffee should not be given under the age of 21. Old vegetables or hearty fruits, such as bananas, should not be given to children under 6.

A helpful book for mothers is "How to Feed Children," by Louise Hogan.

The following extracts may well be copied in large letters and hung in the kitchen or pantry wherever children's food is prepared.

"The amount of nutrition required in every instance must be carefully considered. One of the most important reasons for this is that energy must not be wasted in getting rid of superfluous material, as organic disease may result. A little food thoroughly digested is far better than that which is half digested.

Many of the diseases to which children are liable would disappear under strict supervision of hygiene and diet, especially the various intestinal disorders, including many resultant throat, catarrhal and nervous troubles. Nature resents carelessness and is relentless in her punishments."

"A legal enactment in France prohibits the giving of any form of solid food to infants under 1 year of age without authority of a prescription from a qualified medical man. The employment of the rubber tube for nursing bottles is also forbidden, as it is almost impossible to keep it clean."

"Left overs" are decidedly not to be used in the nursery, if for no other reason than in many houses cooked and uncooked foods of various kinds are kept in uncovered dishes from day to day in one common refrigerator or closet, absorbing unwholesome germs from surroundings that, to say the least, are not sanitary."—American Kitchen Magazine.

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Items of General News.

A big storm prevailed on the Atlantic coast last night.

Consider Risley, a well known Vermont farmer, was buried out of \$6000 cash, by the usual game.

The main Mt. Holyoke college building at South Hadley, Mass., was destroyed by fire, early Sunday evening. The loss was probably \$200,000.

On Saturday three State conventions, assembled in the city of Boston, nominated George Fred Williams candidate for Governor.

Daniel Carroll, the 15-year old youth charged with the murder of Robert Rowan of Chicago, was found guilty, Thursday, and death sentence was the punishment imposed.

The majority of the Canadian Pacific Railway telegraphers on the main line between St. John, N. B., and Vancouver, B. C., are on a strike and have stopped work.

Mr. Thatcher, their candidate for Governor, having declined on Monday evening the democratic State committee of New York nominated Wilbur F. Porter for Governor and Frederick C. Schraub for Lieutenant Governor.

Three of the crew and a stowaway of the steamship Cyrus at Chester, Pa., met a horrible death, Monday night. The men, in lowering a barrel of oil into a hole accidentally burst it and to save the oil, pressed another barrel. One struck a match and ignited the fluid. The hold was soon filled with flames and smoke, and the four were suffocated. Little damage was done to the vessel.

In compliance with a decree of the U.S. Circuit Court, the assets of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad and Coal and Iron Companies, that are not covered by the general mortgage bonds, were sold at auction at Philadelphia, Wednesday, for \$4,500,000. The purchaser was C. H. Coster of New York, a member of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and who represents the Reading reorganization committee.

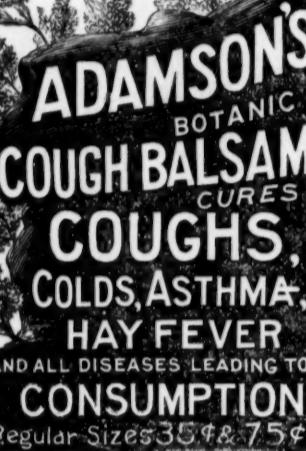
Fifty Years Ago.

Who could imagine that this should be the place where, in eighteen ninety-three That white world-wonder of arch and dome Should shadow the nations, polychrome... Here at the Fair was the prize conferred On Ayer's Pills, by the world preferred. Chicago-like, they a record show, Since they started—go years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

have, from the time of their preparation, been a continuous success with the public. And that means that Ayer's Pills accomplish what is promised for them; they cure where others fail. It was fitting, therefore, that the world-wide popularity of these pills should be recognized by the World's Fair medal of 1893—a fact which emphasizes the record:

50 Years of Cures.



BUY NO INCUBATOR

and pay for it before giving it a trial. We are sorry that we are afraid to let you try their incubator because we have no faith in their machine. We will send you on trial, not a cent extra, if you will give us a chance to prove our claim. If you are interested in poultry and incubators, and the money there is in the business, Plans for Brooders, Households, etc., can be had for \$5 and three persons interested in poultry and 25¢, and we will send you "The Bicyclopedia," containing all the subjects and 80 illustrations, worth \$5 to any bicyclist reader.

VOYAGEUR INCUBATOR CO., Box 360, DELAWARE CITY, DEL.

KENNEBEC COUNTY... In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1896.

S. CHOLEAU, testator under the last will and testament of his wife, Mrs. Anna Maria Choleau, deceased, having presented his first account as Trustee under said will.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

G. T. STEVENS, Judge.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 47

A Dandy Windmill, Make it Yourself.

I have a neighbor who made one of the People's Windmills; it is the best mill I have ever seen. He made it for \$100, and I paid him \$10. I am going to make two immediately and don't see why every farmer cannot have a windmill. The mill is durable, powerful and runs easily. Any person can get it up and run it. Price \$100. Send \$18 two to one stamp to E. W. Wilson, 100 Main Street, Adrian, Mich.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 47

A hearing will be had on the petitions of Fred H. Norcross, Arthur P. Lacombe of Augusta, Charles Garow, 1st Lt. Eddie E. Libby, 1st Lt. Frank C. Ladd, 1st Lt. Frank C. Ladd, James A. Dunbar, Edward McCauland of Hallowell, and others. Woodworth of Albion, in opposition to the bill introduced from all their debts, payable under the insolvency laws of Maine, at the Probate Court Room in Augusta, on the 2d day of October, 1896, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register of the Court of Insolvency. 244*

A Campaign of Education

For ten years we have carried it on, and with wonderful success.

Our campaign has scoffed at our claim, that elasticity was absolutely necessary in a wire fence. Now they are tumbling over one another to prove they have it. No matter what it is all built up to one panel, it's a move in the right direction.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

This is the

QUAKER CITY GRINDING MILL FOR CORN AND COBS, MEAT, IMPROVED FOR '96-'97. For all your grinding needs. Keep the mill and return all others.

A. W. STRAUß & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., and 41 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

HEEBNER'S Patent LEVEL-TREAD HORSE-POWER With SPEED REGULATOR. For 1 and 3 Horses.

LITTLE GIANT Threshing Machine. Corn and grain threshing. Fully warranted. Feed and grain. Fully guaranteed. A. W. STRAUß & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., and 41 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

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HOODLESS PILLS cure Liver Ills, Indigestion, Headache, &c.

A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Govt Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Markets.

REPORT OF WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Specialty reported for the Maine Farmer.)

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Sept. 29, 1896.

Maine Drovers.

AT BRIGHTON. Hogs. Cattle Sheep.

J. S. P. Jones. 14 165 826 300

On late train.

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 3,451; sheep, 11,352; hogs, 20,424; veals, 1,571; horses, 536.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 270; sheep, 823; hogs, 16; veals, 300; horses, 177.

CATTLE AND SHEEP EXPORTS TO OLD ENGLAND.

From Boston for the week, 2286 head of cattle, 10 horses, no sheep. Cattle market at English ports is weak at 11½@12½ dressed weight; Steer sheep, 10½@11½ dressed.

HAY AND STRAW—Choice old hay will sell at around \$15 per ton. Receipts of new are increasing, and sales have been in the range of \$14@16 per ton, with poor down to \$12. Rye straw in small supply, and selling at \$10@17. Oat straw at \$8@10 per ton.

The mutton market is quiet, but fairly sustained. Lambs are firmer. Veal is easy; Lambs, 7½@8½; muttons, 4@6½; fair to good, 5@6½; veals, 7@8½; fancy, 8½@9½.

No changes are noted in the prices of pork provisions: Barrel pork, \$10; light hams, \$10; lean ends, \$11; fresh ribs, 8¢; sausages, 7½¢; hams, 10@11½¢; bacon, 8½¢; lard, 5¢; pails 5½¢, 5¾¢ and 6¢; loose salt, 5½¢.

The pretty firm butter market is continued, with fancy fresh creameries and bringing higher prices: Best fresh creamery, small lots, 19@20¢; Western creamery, extra, in round lots, 16@18¢; firm, 14@15½¢; imitation, 14@15¢; factory, 10@12¢; Northern creamery, 11@12¢; Eastern creamery, extra, 16@17¢.

In Farmington, Sept. 19, Melvin O. Jenkins, 17, Everett A. Bean to Miss Marion A. Sargent, both of Waterville to Miss Delvina Gilbert of Industry.

In Fayette, Sept. 13, Charles Voss of Kingfield, to Anna A. Smith of Franklin.

In Gardiner, Sept. 12, George E. Lewis to Miss Estelle Mckenna, both of Lisbon Falls.

In Grafton, Sept. 18, Frank W. Nutting to Miss Sadie Ward.

In Bangor, Sept. 17, Everett A. Bean to Mrs. Mary Miller, both of Dixmont; Sept. 20, Edward M. Whitehead to Miss Ida M. Tonney, both of Bangor.

In Fort Fairfield, Sept. 21, John Nadeau to Miss Mary Parrot; Sept. 23, Horace McFarland to Miss Rose Everett, all of Fort Fairfield.

In Farmington, Sept. 19, Melvin O. Jenkins, 17, Everett A. Bean to Miss Marion A. Sargent, both of Waterville to Miss Delvina Gilbert of Industry.

In Fayette, Sept. 13, Charles Voss of Kingfield, to Anna A. Smith of Franklin.

In Grafton, Sept. 20, Daniel Young to Miss Emily S. Burges, both of Gouldsboro.

In Jay, Sept. 20, Frank W. Haywood to Miss Hattie French.

In Kennebunk, Sept. 22, Charles Griggs to Miss Estelle Mabel McKenney, both of Lisbon Falls.

In Manchester, Sept. 22, Rev. E. E. Gustavus, 17, Everett A. Bean to Miss Adelaide W. Packard of Manchester.

In New Haven, Sept. 19, John Coffin to Miss Lizzie M. McDonald, both of Montpelier.

In North Haven, Sept. 19, Mrs. George E. Lewis to Miss Anna Stone, Jr., both of Portland; Sept. 22, John Stone, Jr., to Miss Eva Etta Rich, both of Portland; Sept. 23, Jessie May to Miss Ella J. Hunnewell, both of Portland.

In Phillipsburg, Sept. 22, Harry E. Peterson to Miss Annie M. Berry.

In Rockwood, Sept. 22, Earl Augustus to Miss Hattie Peabody.

In Rockwood, Sept. 22, Frank MacGregor to Miss Rosalie Lamoth; Sept. 16, Charles H. Tibbets to Miss Louise Libby of Old Town.

In Tenants Harbor, Sept. 19, Wiker Jansen to Mrs. George W. Nelson, both of George (Long Cove).

In Tenants Harbor, Sept. 22, George Williams to Miss Fannie L. Walls; Sept. 17, James L. Lawrence to Miss Gertrude Young, both of Vinalhaven.

In West Gardiner, Sept. 15, Lewis Fuller of West Gardiner to Miss Eva Goodwin of Montpelier.

In Wayne, Sept. 23, Irving Lincoln of Wayne to Miss Bertha Mae of Readfield.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 28, by Rev. C. A. Hayden, Wallace M. Prescott to Miss Anna F. Keegan.

In the city, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. M. Wyman, Edwin Lewin of Lowell, Mass., to Miss Lizzie Holmes of this city.

In the city, Sept. 15, James W. Hinckley to Mrs. Anna Tibbets, both of Athens.

In Bucksport, Sept. 15, Charles A. Lampher of Bucksport to Miss Clara E. Leach of Orland.

In Bangor, Sept. 23, Warren C. Patten to Miss Kate Estelle Tibbets, both of Bangor; Hare, both of Bangor; Sept. 23, Wilson C. Haskins of Bangor to Miss Alberta Ruggles of Canaan.

In Bath, Sept. 23, Frank A. Barker to Miss Harriet A. Neal, both of Bath; Sept. 23, Frank Hart of Standish to Miss Annie Tibbets of Standish.

In Bangor, Sept. 23, Frank C. Patten to Miss Anna Tibbets, both of Bangor.

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